

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

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[NO. 2.]

THE LILY.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Corresponding Editor.

Written for The Lily.

MAN'S WRONGS.

Enough, there are, in these last days,
All woman's wrongs to scan:
So I, for once, will try to state
Some of the wrongs of man.

The laws fall short of being right,
So far as he's concern'd—
'Tis time he took the case in hand
To have the tables turn'd.

Too long, alone, he's meekly drudg'd
O'er matters multiplex;
Not only serving church and State,
But ev'n the weakest sex.

Whose airy, soulless, strengthless forms
Can't even cast a vote;
And who, if married, have not pow'r
To hold a paper note.

And sure the man doth pity need
Who's stoop'd to take a wife:
Sad wrongs are his—by law he's made
A shackl'd slave for life.

He then may toil from morn till night—
No mirth, no sport, no rest: (1)
While like a queen the wife may sit
In silks and jewels dress'd.

She need not toil—nothing is hers—
Not even her dear self;
Man must her lord and master be,
He, too, must earn the pelf.

Her actions, words, and e'en her dress,
He faithfully must guide,
What e'er she's told is right and best,
She may adopt with pride.

And is't her purse that must supply
The cash that she may need?
Ah! no! man, too, that load must bear;
A sufferer indeed!!

How he can still such laws endure,
And with such frail barks mate,
Is what I cannot comprehend,
I own the task too great.

Ye noble (?) men—your shackles break!
Up, to the rescue hie;
And strive for laws that shall compel
Women with you to vie.

Brave fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
Arouse—your wrong resist—
Till mothers, sisters, daughters, wives,
As equals will assist.

March 18th, 1854.

Suspension of specie payment became general in this country May 10th, 1837. We fear it will come again before the anniversary of that time, without the Eastern question is soon settled.

Every Day Scenes in Country Life—No. 1.

BY META MILWOOD.

"Shut the door, Jenny, and draw the cradle nearer the stove. This is a hard day for the babies and little lambs. There, that will do. Now be quiet, children, and do not disturb papa in his reading. Mother is going into the kitchen to attend to the baking."

"Please leave the door open, mother, so that we can see you. It is so lonesome when pa is busy with his paper, and we must not talk for fear of disturbing him."

"I will, but you must not interrupt me unnecessarily."

"Mamma," calls out little Meta from the window, where she is watching the fast falling snowflakes, and sees with childish amusement the little whirling eddies, as the whistling wind drives them across the yard, "there is old Mr. Crampton coming down the road on his old scollop. Oh! I hope he will not stop here, the naughty old man."

"Hush, Meta," says Jenny, "perhaps he is cold and wants to warm—or maybe some one is sick, that he comes out on such a day as this. We must be kind to every one, you know, mother says."

"I know it, and ma says we must love everybody, but I can't love old Mr. Crampton; he is so cross, and scolds poor Mrs. Crampton so; and she is so kind and good, I can't believe God loves such wicked people, either. There, he is coming through the gate; how cross he looks," and the little one drew near her father, as if for protection. A thundering rap on the door announced Mr. Crampton.

"Good morning," said father, handing him a chair. A blustering morning, this."

"Well it is, but I don't mind the weather when I'm out on such an errand as I'm out on this morning. You see, I'm just mad enough to keep me warm, and I'm going to W—, to see lawyer N—. I guess they'll find the old man's enough for them yet."

"Why, what's the matter now, Mr. Crampton—another neighborhood quarrel?"

"No, not exactly that. But you know that boy Thad, my wife's boy, that I kept last winter; well, he got oneasy last spring, and pertended I didn't use him well, and I treated him better than he deserved. The impudent fellow, to ask me for money to buy a pair of boots, after I'd boarded him all winter. I told him he hadn't earned his board, and he said something saucy like, and so I just choked him so as to bring him to his manners, and so he went off and said I abused him. Well, he went down to C—, and worked for old Mr. Algood, and he bragged him up and called him a good boy, I spose just to spite me. And now he's got sick, and cause I arn't willing to let my old woman go and take care on him, and leave things to go to destruction, they'r going to send him back on me. I see the old man, yesterday, and he said the boy was so weak, and cried and fretted so to see his mother, he guessed he'd fetch him up in a few days to see her. I knowed what they wanted, so I told him they need not fetch

him there for me to take care of; I'd turn him out of doors.

He said he guessed I wouldn't be so cruel as to do that; but I'll let 'em see I'll not see my hard earnings go to take care of HER CHILDREN, I warnt ye. The boy's sick, and I'm glad on't—hope he'll git enough on't before he gits through."

"Well, Mr. Crampton, there is no need of getting into such a passion as this. No one can make you take care of the boy unless you choose to do so. The boy must have a residence somewhere, and if he is brought to you, and you do not feel able or willing to bear the expense of his sickness, you have only to present him as a town charge, and it becomes the duty of the trustees to see that all his expenses are paid, and charge the same to any other township where he may have gained a residence."

A gleam of fiendish triumph lighted up the countenance of the old man, and the tones of his voice moderated, as he replied:

"Do you say, Mr. —? Well, I spected you could tell me all about it, so I just thought I'd call and ask you. After all, it seems kind o' hard not to allow my woman the privilege of taking care of the boy. If he is bad, I s'pose its natural she should think something on him. So I guess I'll jest go on and see lawyer N—, and find out zactly what steps to take, and then I'll let 'em bring him home. I'll charge 'em a good round price, I'll warrant ye."

During this colloquy, my hands had been actively employed in the process of bread making, but I seemed to be in the position of "the luckless wight, who could not make the flour take form of loaf or cake." At least my haste to accomplish the feat did not seem in the least to accelerate my progress. At last, however, it was completed, and the round loaves were duly deposited in their snug resting places beneath the cooking stove. My hands were yet in a very floury condition, but I must not wait for ablation, for Mr. Crampton might be gone, and I had a duty to perform. The old man was just buttoning his overcoat, when I made my egress into the family room. "Good morning, Mr. Crampton."

"Good morning, ma'am," and the old man bowed obsequiously.

"Please sit down, sir, I should like to ask you a few questions, if you are not in too great haste. How many years have you lived with your present wife, Mr. Crampton?"

"Seventeen years last March, ma'am, since we're married."

"Mrs. Crampton has enjoyed good health most of the time, I believe?"

"She's been pretty well the most of the time, ma'am."

"It has been well for you, as you have had so much sickness in the time. She seems an excellent nurse!"

"She can't be beat, Mrs. M—. She has saved me hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills. I don't think of callin' a doctor any more. I depend on her skill entirely."

"Yes. And she seems a hard-working woman, too. I doubt not that it is by her skill and management that you have got along so well in the world, considering all your complaining."

"Sartin it is."

"Well, Mr. Crampton, suppose you and Mrs. C. were to die to-day, to whom would all her hard earnings go?"

"Why, wall, hem! I 'spose my property would go to my boy."

"Yes, but to whom would her property go?"

You have just acknowledged that for seventeen years she has been a hard-working woman, helping to save and accumulate for you. Now what might she have saved in that time, and with the same labor, for her own children? And I may add, for I know something of her history, that in that time she has acted the part of a mother to your son—kindly treating him, and often shielding him from your outbursts of temper—albeit you have denied her the privilege of retaining her own children under your own roof, and in their helpless childhood obliged her to commit them to the keeping of strangers. And when at last your own boy, unable longer to bear your caprice, left you without help, and the boy of which you have been speaking, came, and for his mother's sake took the place of a servant, and labored faithfully for you during the long, cold winter, you shamefully abused and maltreated him for claiming a small portion of a servant's wages; and now—stop, Mr. Crampton—don't go yet—to consummate the sum of your iniquity, you refuse her the poor boon of taking care of her sick boy, unless the expense be paid from the public treasury. Let me tell you, sir, that you are indebted to those children for all the service of their mother, of which you have robbed them, and are morally bound to repay it. Were I the mother of that child, and he were thrown upon public charity, I would go with him, and work for his support while strength remained, and if need be, become a beneficiary with him, rather than remain with one who was lost to human feeling enough to treat me thus."

The eyes of the old man glared, yet he cowered beneath my words, and seizing his cane, and muttering something about abuse, he made the best of his way to the yard gate, and mounted "Old Scollup," and was soon blowing through the snow in search of legal advice.

"How dare you talk to him so, mother," says Jenny.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend, my child. I have more to say to him yet, when I have an opportunity."

"There he comes again," cries Meta, from the window, an hour afterwards.

Wonder if he will call to hear the rest of mother's lecture," says Nannie. But the heads of the horse and his rider were both directed in a course due forward, and they were soon out of sight.

From the Ladies' Enterprise.

BOOKS.

Books! powerful agents are they for good or ill, from those which lie upon our school benches, mutely pleading, as it were, for the privilege of guiding us in the paths of knowledge, to those which deal in subtler things; which take up our broken fancies and half-defined ideas, and interweave them with the glorious fabric of another's thought—whose countless influences go creeping down into our hearts, and waking in their mysterious depths, new impulses and new desires.—Books! who that ever turned to them for companionship in hours of loneliness, or hung spell-bound over their fascinating pages, when others slept and dreamed, has not learned to love them even as he loves the music of birds, and brooks, and streams, the fragrance of spring-flowers, or the pale pure star-light? Are we sick of self, impatient with the world, and weary of existence? A book will oft-times prove our comforter, teaching us (if it be true to life, and the great, impetuous, heart-throbs of humanity,) that others, like us, in the wide world have sinned, like us have suffered, like us desponded, and like us been taught to hope for better things at last. Do we glance upward longingly to the high stations where earth's good and great ones stand immortalized, and then turn again to our own sphere of humble but neglected usefulness with a feeling of unworthiness which places between them and us, a barrier seemingly impassable? Through the medium of books the

most exalted intellects become as friends, and converse as familiarly, encouragingly, kindly.—They speak from the printed page, and tell us that it was no mysterious power that led them upward in the path of goodness and renown, they tell us that the secret of their success lies in the unpretending but tireless energy with which they toiled—a principle as potent in its simplicity as the laws which lift the ocean-vapors up to Heaven, and transform them into clouds of ever-varying shape and hue.

Books! what should do or be without them?

A volume of *History* will seal the tomb of buried years, and as the past sweeps by us with its magnificent pageantry, we trace amid its dreamy shadowings the sublime events that have pressed the world on to its destiny. Kings, purple-clad, and chieftains, laurel-crowned, statesmen, philosophers, priests, and poets, some clinging with martyr-like persistence to the Eternal Truth; and others, for self-aggrandizement, crushing under foot remorselessly, the holiest duties, pass one by one before us—a stately array of those who as chief actors in the world's strange drama, have either added or struck out one link in the great chain which is at last to bind it to the laws of Infinite Perfection.

We read a book of *Travels*, and in a moment, as if by magic, we are transported to other climes and other scenes. Perchance we linger in the chill region of Polar snows, or droop beneath the burning rays of a Tropical sun, we traverse the desolate streets of ruined cities, or blend our voices with hum of busy life uprising from some new emporium of art and industry; we dine with the African in his rude hut, or wander in the balmy air, and under the sunny skies of Italy. We may mourn over the victims of idolatry and superstition in benighted lands, or kneel in some portion of our own fair country, where Christianity has reared her altars, and points her spires to Heaven; our feet may press the plains where Napoleon marshaled his proud troops for battle, or stand with the exiled conqueror in his island home; or may be, with bowed head and reverential heart we may loiter on the very spot where the Prince of Peace passed hours of intense agony—in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Works of *Fiction* may beguile us now and then, and if some of the pictures which meet our eyes are too fair and joyous for reality, there are others which touch deep, earnest chords of sympathy within our souls, and we go back to life from that dream-land of loveliness, to invest the stern duties which lie around us calling for fulfillment, with something of the shadowy beauty that has charged us so.

And not in vain the poet wreathes for us his burning lays. We listen to his teachings of life, and love, and duty, and our hearts are thrilled with a true perception of the pure and beautiful, a stronger yearning for perfection, and a deepened love for God and our fellow-man. None the less willingly do we take the truth to our souls because he clothes her with embroidered robes, and garlands her with flowers. The lessons of Nature may have seemed to be written in unmeaning hieroglyphics before—now she wears for us a new and delicate drapery, inscribed all over in characters of light, with a Father's messages of goodness to his children; and blending with her countless melodies, a new hymn of joy and gratitude swells upward from our hearts to Him.

Historian, Tourist, Novelist, Poet—blessings be with them for the good they do! and with them, every one, who to advance the cause of human happiness, and human virtue, shall chain their burning thoughts in words and add one to the world's previous heritage of books.

JOSIE HUNT.

SINGULAR.—It is noticed as a singular coincidence, that Myron H. Clarke, the Governor of N. York, is the person who drew out and presented to the Legislature, the bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks throughout the State, which was passed and vetoed by Governor Seymour, whom the people have now in their turn vetoed also.

THE SEWING GIRL.

Hard times came to the sewing girl when the rest of the working world thought the times were easy. From immemorial time she has wrought faithfully, and taken little money for it. But when business generally grows stagnant, and money becomes unusually scarce, the poor sewing girl experiences as sad a depression as if it were a reverse in her case also. It is, as we all know, a tough time for her at the best. She wearily stitches from morning till night to earn a pittance that will scarcely pay a decent board, even though work never falls off. But when men find money scarce they buy fewer clothes, and if the wholesale business is depressed a fraction, she is told she cannot have "steady" work.

This Fall, prices have gone down too. On coats for the Southern market, they are paid two shillings less than on the same garments last Fall, and a similar decrease effects wages for other articles of clothing. These changes for the worse come very hard upon the girls. Very many of them support widowed mothers and orphaned sisters and brothers. Their one needle is to earn not a living only for themselves, but bread for a family, coal for the household, and to meet beside the monthly demand of inexorable landlords.—We meet them wrapped in their thin shawls daily in the streets, looking as if their thin frail bodies were poorly able to stem the tide of necessary expenses that will roll down upon any family, even the smallest that attempts to winter in New York. Grappling with a hard world's trials daily, there must be a curse ready to light upon his head who without good cause deducts from their small wages, or with contemptible meanness throws a straw in the way of their making the little they can as early as possible. But many merchants who employ them think it no dishonor to make them come three or four times, to the shop for work which was promised them at the first call, and if with eyes sharpened by the prospect of gain, an uneven stitch can be found, they boast that they deduct largely from their wages. Shame on the fellows who behave so ungallantly. They fawn with disgusting obsequiousness to a pert miss who bears about her person the tokens of her extravagance in dress, but when those hard-working daughters of honest and ambitious toil are left to run up and down the streets, wasting time that is exceedingly precious to them, to get the jobs heedlessly promised to be ready many days before, they excuse themselves with the remark: "It's only a shop girl; she can come again." The shop-girl is as worthy of her hire as any laborer, and he is shamefully dishonest who adds an unnecessary step to her tedious walk to get it, or scrutinizes her work more closely than he is willing that his own should be.—[Ladies' Enterprise.]

From the Washington D. C., Metropolitan.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 11, 1854.

SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN.

Elective franchises extended to women, is becoming a subject of much consideration. The discussion of the matter, with a view to practical results, would be a higher achievement than any abstract propositions of the rights of Women.—If the depravation of the right of suffrage, be one of the means, by which her prerogatives are abbreviated, it is wise to remove the restriction, and give a practical operation to her newly recognized power.

It seems to us, that such arrangements would be a means of promoting more harmony among the sexes: it certainly amounts to an injustice to deprive a woman of any voice in the making of laws which are to regulate her own life, property or happiness. The opposing questions would be, what are the draw backs and disadvantages to endowing her, with the authority? We think it would be placing her in a position to act as a mediator between man and man, rather than as an assertor of her own privileges. In a question of war, men enter the combat for the purpose of destroying each other, whereas women, who are often the cause of the battle, exercise no restrictive in the premises. Her voice should be heard in such emergencies, since by the disaster, she loses her protector, and the last hope, which made existence endurable.

In republican governments, the influence women exert, ought to be known and felt. If outwardly avowed, no secret struggle, or cabal would be deemed necessary to the permanency of her influence. Where such secret power is exerted, there is no responsibility, and the burden falls upon the man, or upon his children for many generations. With responsibilities of this nature, would come the superinducing cause, of much exaltation of life and character.

The question is a very deep and philosophical one, and it should be met in such a spirit. Where nothing is expected, nothing is a result, and this accounts for the low social estimate, in which her powers are held. Man is the glory of the world, and the woman is the mother of the man; this certainly verifies the right to some political influence. The mother of Nero, raised her son to the imperial authority; this was consummated by very unscrupulous and wicked agencies; had her granted and admitted ascendancy been equal to her unrighteous assumptions, there would have been, most likely, no recourse to foul extremes.

It is to be hoped that the question may be moved in a way that will promise some evidence of co-operation amongst those who are willing to give their aid to such a design. The expression of the country will be obtained, and the experiment of one State would furnish an example. All legislation is but an experiment, and there could result no positive injury from an attempt of this nature, even if it ultimately proved abortive. Many of our legislative enactments are repealed as soon as passed, and if this became a law it would reveal its imperfections, thereby giving us an opportunity to pronounce a judgment for or against the measure.

Your friend,

ASHLEY TORRENS.

Harmony Lodge, No. 39, of the Independent Order of Good Templars, Lafayette, Ind.

The above is the name and address of a Temperance Society, organized in this city, during the past week by T. J. Hall, D. G. W. C. T. of North America. The friends of the order met at Temperance Hall, on New Year's day in the afternoon, and were initiated and organized with eighteen members, with only about two hours notice. They met again on Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, when 14 more were initiated, and, with a majority of those initiated the previous day, had the first degree of the order conferred upon them. They then adjourned to meet again on Thursday evening at 5 o'clock; and on Thursday evening met according to adjournment, when two more persons were initiated, and received the first degree of the order. After which the 2d and 3d degrees were conferred upon all present.

The following members were chosen to fill the offices for the remainder of the present term:

Hon. James O'Brian, W. C. T.

Miss Ann Taylor, W. V. T.

John L. Miller, W. S.

B. F. Moore, W. T.

Mrs. Elvina Smith, W. I. G.

Stephen Stafford, W. O. G.

Mrs. Tolman, W. C.

W. A. S.

John A. Jackson, W. F. S.

Louis A. Reese, W. M.

Miss Julia Fuller, W. D. M.

Miss Harriet Spring, W. R. H. S.

Mrs. Maxwell, W. L. H. S.

Miss Mattie Eslinger was appointed P. W. C. T.

The principles of this order are total abstinence from everything that will intoxicate. It makes no difference between the two sexes as regards the filling of offices, voting on all the questions that come before the meeting of the lodge, and all are entitled to take all the degrees and gain possession of the work of the order. And as intemperance is acknowledged to be a great social evil, and the ladies are powerful in their social influence, it was formed some two years since by the leading temperance people of New York, with a view of more fully bringing female influence to bear upon the monster, Intemperance. It supplies all that is claimed by all other temperance organizations now in the land, and brings the influence of both

sexes together and causes them to work harmoniously.

We have heard and read many ceremonies and charges but never met with any more beautiful than are those of this order.

The National Lodge has so fixed it that no one can be initiated for a less sum than fifty cents, and twenty-five cents for each degree conferred, but a Lodge has power to fix its fees at any price above that amount.

Harmony Lodge has fixed its fees at one dollar for male members, fifty cents for female members and twenty-five cents for each degree, without any regard to sex.

This lodge is now fully organized and ready to receive members; but it wants "Life Members,"—those who can and will enlist for life and serve in the temperance army. Its obligations are strong, but contain nothing that will conflict with any one as a christian, a good citizen, a husband, wife, son, daughter, sister, brother or neighbor.

There are four Lodges of this order in this county, one at Dayton, one at Concord, and one at Baker's Corner.

Harmony Lodge meets this evening at the Temperance Hall, at half-past 6 o'clock.—*Gazette*.

LORD PALMERSTON ON HUMAN NATURE.—Although it has been the pleasure of our Maker, in a world which is a world of transition, and not the ultimate destiny of mankind—though it has been the pleasure of our Maker to subject a great portion of the human race to trials and privations to enable them to qualify themselves for the future state that awaits them, yet Providence has not been niggardly in the distribution of those qualities which are calculated to secure happiness to those who conduct themselves well upon this earth. All the good qualities of human nature—of mind and of heart—everything that tends to dignify our species and to enable men to distinguish themselves in the condition in which they have been placed—these qualities have been sown broadcast over the human race, and are as abundantly dispersed among the humblest classes as they are among the highest classes of the land. (Renewed cheers.) You will find that all children are born good; it is bad education and bad associations in early life that corrupt the minds of men. It is true that there are now and then exceptions to general principles. As there are men who are born with club feet, born blind, or with other personal defects, so also it will happen that children will be born with defective dispositions, but these are rare exceptions. Be persuaded that the mind and heart of man are naturally good, and it depends upon training and education whether that goodness implanted at birth shall continue to display itself, or whether, by bad associations, it shall be corrupted and destroyed. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, the first thing you would infer from this truth is, that it is the duty of all parents to see that their children are well and properly educated; that they are neatly instructed not only in book learning, in reading and writing, and acquirements of that kind, but instructed in the precepts which indicate the difference between right and wrong—and that they are taught the principles of religion, and their duty towards God and man. Now, the way in which that can be done is by the father and mother building up their household upon that which is the foundation of all excellence in social life—I mean a happy home. (Applause.)—*Speech to the Romsey laborers.*

ARRISON TO BE HUNG.—Arrison, the torpedo man, who has been on trial at Cincinnati, has been convicted of murder, and sentenced by the Court to be hung on the 11th of May next. On being asked by the Judge if he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he said he had hoped for a new trial—he only wished time, and he hoped he could make it appear that he is innocent.

According to the estimate of the Railroad Record, the monied circulation of the country, in 1853, amounted to \$295,457,257; or about \$12 to every man, woman and child. In 1736, the estimate of the Treasury Department made the amount to be \$148,000,000.

A SINGULAR COUPLE.

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little to admire besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife—who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlor and two rooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared, side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and tea, we were puzzled to understand this double attendance; and I remember my brother, rather irreverently wondering whether we "were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins." On ringing the bell to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bedroom candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her. "Depend upon it, she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bedroom; when the old lady, seeing me look with surprise towards her husband, said: "There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone blind."

"Poor man!" I exclaimed. "But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?"

"It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband, "she can't hear you, she's quite deaf."

I was astonished. Here was compensation!—Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife, were, indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me ever after to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but either be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.—*Chambers' Journal*.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

By a notice we publish elsewhere it will be seen that Penn Yan is to be honored by a Woman's Rights Convention, on the 10th of next month. We have supposed it rather an unpropitious soil in these parts for so radical a doctrine, as that urged by the advocates of Female Suffrage; but perhaps we are mistaken. Perhaps the seed they propose to sow will fall on good ground, and bring forth an abundant and genial harvest. The place of meeting will probably be in one of the churches, or at Washington Hall. We bespeak for them a candid and respectful hearing.

We clip the above from the Yates county, (N. Y.) Whig. Ere this, the convention alluded to, has been held, and we hope some one will write to The Lily of it.

We doubt not but that it will meet with the same success that these conventions have elsewhere, viz:—secure a good attendance, eradicate prejudice, elucidated Woman's claims nobly, and in a pure womanly style, convinced many, and stirred the dark waters of indifference.

A few copies of Miss E. Oakes Smith's new romance for sale at J. R. Haines' store, Main street, Richmond—\$1 per copy.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JANUARY 15, 1895.

Frequently we are at a loss to know to who to credit clubs sent us. The names are written without any distinction, and in such cases, we use the first one given. This will account to some for the wrong names, perhaps, being used.

TO ACTION.

Action! ye idle dreamers! Why rest ye idly beneath the shadowy canopy of listlessness, while all around you is a glorious labor for your hands? You are sighing for the erasure from earth of wrong and outrage, and the heralding in of the reign of justice, love and truth. Is it not plain that through action it must come—individual action!

Look over the pages of history, and note the names of famous individuals who have lent their mighty influence to roll back the dark mists of ignorance and wrong, that the sun of Truth, with its genial rays, could reach the heart of man, and call to life the germs of good. Mark the names of Hannah Moore, Wilberforce, Dymond, Franklin, and whole hosts of noble-souled men and women, who were true actionists. They lived up to the measure of true greatness; *they did good!* They have left signal marks upon the rolling flood of time, which we should note and profit by.—They allowed no syren voice of slumber to hush the activity of the "still small voice" within, which plead for action, unwearied action, in the cause of Justice, Peace and Truth. Arise, then—awake! ye unto whose souls has been given the rich endowment of even one truth, and with efficacy live up to it in your daily walks, and disseminate it with all possible diligence.

Action is *Life*. Through the illimitable Universe untiring power operates with a magnificence only comprehensive to the Eternal Mind.

In the fairy forms of earth it is exhibited in every beauty—in unfolding the tender leaf-bud, or in the symphony of falling rain-drops, or the flowing brooklet.

In the mental and the moral, as well as the physical world, is evidenced the truth that action exists as a necessitous principle. The mind must have work, though oftentimes it amounts to nothing but air-castle building, and looking and longing may be, for winged messengers from the gates of Heaven, to touch and destroy, with talismanic power, our giant edifices of Wrong, and erect upon their funeral pyre temples of Truth and glorious beauty. But we must learn that, with God's blessing, the elements of true progress are within ourselves, lying dormant for the needful aliment. Each being has the requisite agency to call up the individual powers, to advance towards perfection, and strength to vie for God-like beauty.

Arouse, then, to persevering, holy-aimed action! Read not with charmed eyes the books of olden memories, but rather carve the future full of works, and with a firm, unwavering will

"Act nobly, and the nobleness
That lies in others, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Every smallest moment of man's life contains in it a series of consequences extending to eternity, for each moment is a new beginning of subsequent ones, and this is the case with all and singular the moments of his life, both in regard to understanding and will.

[We clip the following from the Lafayette Weekly Gazette. It will be of interest to our readers, and its tone of kindness and liberality challenge our most grateful feelings.—Ed.]

LECTURES OF MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER.

This distinguished lady, lecturer and writer, spent three days in our city this past week, lecturing on each evening. We shall not enter into a minute description of her dress, manners, features, &c., but will say that she was dressed in her usual style—the American costume. Her features are not what some would call handsome; but her manners are prepossessing and unassuming—her look intelligent and her conversation earnest and dignified, so that, at once, you forget what the fashionable world calls beautiful, and admire her more for her intelligence and manners than you could possibly the grandest belle that ever graced the ball-room or parlor when destitute of these grand pre-requisites that go to make up female excellence and lasting beauty.

By invitation she visited the Temperance Hall on Monday evening, and gave a lecture on prohibition, which is universally pronounced as the best of the season. We hazard nothing in saying that it was a perfect lecture, able, and not to be surpassed by any man; and coming from a woman it seemed to have more sympathy in it for that class above all others, who have suffered most from the ravages of the monster Intemperance.

Her Lecture on Tuesday evening at the Melodeon Hall, on the enfranchisement of Woman, was able and convincing. Some may charge her with being fanatical, and say that her theory would result in the ultimate ruin of both government and woman; yet her arguments are not to be set aside when brought to the test of reason, and unless we say (which we will not) that Woman is not capable of high intellectual improvement, we must admit the truth of what she said. At least we have heard no objection, that amounts to an objection, against any thing she advanced.

Her Lecture on Wednesday evening, on Woman's right to employment, was a fair exposition of the untold, innumerable wrongs practised upon the human family, by compelling them to labor for a less sum than their labor is worth, simply because they are women. She insisted upon a wider field of usefulness being opened for females—that they be paid in proportion to the amount and quality of their work—if a woman can make a coat or vest as well as a man, she should have as much for doing it—that the fields of science and literature should be more widely opened to her. We are sorry that it rained so hard as to prevent more of our citizens from hearing this Lecture.

That the visit of Mrs. Bloomer to our city will do good, we have no doubt; and that the agitation of the question of "Woman's Rights" has done good throughout the world is self-evident.

We are truly glad that the health of P. W. DAVIS has been so far restored that she can at so early a time resume *The Una*, which, as has been before stated in the *Lily*, was discontinued for a time in consequence of the very severe illness of the editor. We trust it will be liberally sustained—the paper richly deserves it—the cause to which it is devoted justly claims it. See prospectus on another page.

We are frequently applied to for missing numbers of last year's *LILY*. We cannot furnish them; but will be most happy to furnish many more, who might be pleased to send in their names, with copies from the first of this year.

We beg our friends will be particular to send us good current funds. On the State Stock money of this State, we are obliged invariably to lose. If it is current where the subscriber resides, please remember it is not with us; and the discount brings down our paper below a living price.

SOCIAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

These organizations have peculiar beauty to us. The refined social mingling alone, has its thousand pleasures. It makes us warm-hearted and generous—it expands our feelings, makes us charitable and more kindly, and burnishes anew the chains of love and assimilation, that bind us together in our onward tread towards eternity.

And when, with these benefits, we link the temperance mottoes, it is doubled in its usefulness, and should receive the hearty co-operation of all lovers of order, peace and refinement. Young ladies should make it, more than it is, a test of admission to their society. Let young men feel that not to belong to any Temperance organization, laid them under the ban of outsiders, and hundreds that now pass their evenings where temptations lurk, would be drawn into these pleasant, home-like temperance gatherings, and would gradually acquire steadfastness of character, and be saved from the ruin which awaits many and many a loved and cherished one, who has not around him the unseen and gently felt guidings of strictly temperate social influences.

Little heed do we give to the might of individual influence, and far too little to the powers of association.

The mind must have change; it must have relaxation and play, to maintain a healthful existence. So we see the mechanics, the laborers, in any department of human industry, after the toils of the day are over, congregating together, too frequently, from a feeling of bodily exhaustion, at coffee and eating houses, at restaurants, and through all grades of similar establishments, devoted mainly to vending poisonous liquors. The artist, tired of his hard labor, comes here to chat, and sip, and be merry; the student, the professional man, or the mind-laboring of any class, feel to need relief from burdening thought, and come with lighter speech and jesting mirth, to the revelry of the drinking saloon. Here is the mistake. The recreation is all right, nature demands it.—The social feelings have lain dormant during the laboring hours—now they rise to let the wearied muscles rest. But the drinking hall is not the place. No healthful pleasures are there. Nervous excitement and poisonous excitants are not what wearied nature calls for. The right place can be found. It must be where the wife, the mother and the sister can go, with their intuitive influences. Here, at the *Home*, in the Social Temperance party, or in the varied temperance organizations, can this relaxation be found. What can be more beautiful than the refined social mingling of noble men and women? Proud in nature's nobleness, with the consciousness of *right* lending a grace to every lineament, and the brotherly and sisterly communion expanding every heart with love and urbanity, all may dwell in peace, for no disquiet and anxious hearts await the lingering footsteps; for the destroyer's coil is not lain in such high places, for purity's lamp lights every nook and corner.

We cannot forbear, as a close to these few remarks, speaking of the Social Degree in Richmond. The good it is doing, and has done, not only as a Temperance, but as a *Benevolent Society*, may never be known only to the recipients, and to the Eye Above, but most certainly, many hearts, this hard and dreary winter, have been made glad by the kindly care and bounteous hand of its benevolent Committee. May they be aided in their charitable labors, in feeding and clothing the needy, and relieving the sad and wayworn.

Our thanks are due Hon. WM. H. SEWARD for public documents.

From the Type of the Times.

LAW AND LABOR.

The world subsists by the products of Labor. It hoes the corn and harpoons the whale. It draws the seine and drives the cotton gin. It delves the gold, and dives for the pearl. It grades the rail track, freights the commerce, and builds the cities of the world. There is nothing useful which it does not perform, no human need which it does not supply. All are fed and clothed by its care. Every book is impressed with its signet and all science owes tribute to its service.

Labor furnishes in rich profusion all the means of happiness, and were none of its products misapplied, there would be no physical or mental privation on the globe. And yet there are millions of heathen in every civilized nation, millions of corrupt and criminal, millions who live amid every privation, and at intervals, millions suffer in want, and thousands die of starvation.

The reason is because the products of labor are distributed with the grossest inequality and injustice. Those who do most hard work get the least, while those who do the least get the most, and those who do nothing at all but wrong, get more than any body else! Those who toil too severely have scantiest fare, while those who work nothing but iniquity, "fare sumptuously every day." Those who produce the most often hear their children cry for bread, while those who produce nothing, feed their little ones to satiety and ruin on dainty bits, and have thousands to waste. Those who build the best houses live in lowliest hovels, while those who know no work dwell in palaces crowded with pleasure. Every where have those who have obtained most of the productions of toil, done nothing at all of useful service in return for their wealth.

But why is the wealth of the world unequally and unjustly distributed? It does not arise from inequalities of mind and body, which nature has established; for, lo! among no savage tribe is so great difference observed. Where the circumstances are nearly the same for all from birth to manhood, all are nearly equal. It is, therefore, the unequal circumstances introduced by civilization which have made the chief differences among the people.

But these circumstances are only effects, and some causes must be discernable. These causes are undoubtedly of human origin, and can be removed by human means. They originated in wrong, undoubtedly, and wrong should everywhere and at all times be abolished.

Causes so universal in their operation, and so disastrous in their effects, must have originated in the the supreme power that has controlled all human affairs; this Supreme power is Government or Law.

The object of Government and Law every where is to do justice, to protect the weak against the strong, and not to favor with partial hand the most intelligent, sagacious and powerful. Sir William Jones has celebrated its virtues;

"And sovereign law
O'er thrones and globes, elate, sits empress
Crowning good, repressing ill."

And yet from the foundation of Government, it has been wielded by the strong for their own exclusive gratification, at the expense of the weak. The first act of Government in moderate times, was a gigantic swindle. That act was the seizure of all the lands by the nobility, and the reduction of all laborers to slavery! Cut off from the only source of human supplies, and compelled to toil under the lash of masters, is it any wonder their gross inequalities are now so prevalent in all enlightened nations? This single cause is sufficient to account for all. From this gigantic plunder have proceeded a thousand sources of additional spoliation. When Government emancipated the slaves, it did not restore those natural bounties which were created for all, nor abolish the consequent instrumentality for the enrichment of the strong at the expense of the weak. The mass made ignorant and servile by the old slavish system, are now unfit for any thing except the tools of the intelligent and shrewd.

The contest has been a constant warfare of Law against Labor, and now it is simply reversed, being a warfare of Labor against Law. But Labor has all odds against it. The powers of the earth are so strongly entrenched by ill-gotten wealth, and misdirected education, that the march of Labor toward conquest is extremely slow.

When Government was established in America, on an independent basis, a new violation of political Gospel was claimed by its founders, and has been preached ever since. Labor has been glorified as the especial object of Legal solicitude, and all editors, preachers and politicians, are constantly flattering the Laboring man. But it is chiefly flattery. The work of spoliation goes on as bravely as before.

Even the last important act of our national Government is being perverted to the use of a few speculators for their enrichment. A bargain is already struck between the parties that are to bear office on the one part, and wealth on the other. It is said that a company of speculators is formed for the purpose of pre-empting and purchasing a vast tract in Kansas, to be speedily raised to a great value by governmental favor. Douglas, of Illinois, Gray, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Finney, of the Washington Union, and Bird Chapman, formerly editor in Lorain Co., Ohio, who is now in the Territory, are said to be members of this company.

What advantages do they expect from Government? They have promised the Governorship to one Cummins, provided he will locate the capital of the Territory upon their lands, which, it is said, he has promised to do. Observe the influence of these parties, and see how easy this game is made to win. The location of the capitol would put millions of dollars in the hands of half a dozen men, without any useful service on their part to earn it.

So it works, and so it has operated in every State of the Republic. So it must continue until the abomination of Land Monopoly is abolished. For several years has the Homestead bill struggled in Congress, and it will be doomed to struggle still longer, if the influence of the country becomes interested in Land Speculations. The government organ is committed against it, because its editor is seeking millions by this gigantic abuse. Will not the people begin to speak loud enough to overwhelm the powers of the enemies of Labor? Could the Territory be settled in limited quantities, the advantages of the location of the capitol would be secured to a just number, and more would be benefitted by it.—The township or two in which it may be planted should be exempted for this purpose, and the profits go to the public buildings. Then no one would get rich with no work. But under the present system, several townships will be monopolized by a half dozen persons, who will enjoy exclusive advantages, and add to the poverty, ignorance, vice and crime of the country. The Homestead Bill has already been called up in Congress, and we hope the people everywhere will petition for its immediate passage.

MEMORIES.

BY BENJ. S. PARKER.

Memories of the past endearing,
Oft in silent hours you come,
My too restless spirit bearing
Back to childhood's sunny home.

And my heart seems all o'er flowing,
With the loves of childhood hours;
And again I watched the glowing
Of the sunlight in the bowers.

Whilst the loved, the dear departed,
Once more on my visions rise;
But I know that these true-hearted
Ones, are far above the skies.

And in fancy though I meet them,
As in sunny days of yore,
And in childish gladness greet them,
And their greetings hear once more.

Yet, to this drear earth I'll never
Wish those dear ones back again;
But will hope with them forever
In elysian bowers to reign.

LEWISVILLE, Dec. 30th, 1854.

PROSPECTUS OF THE UNA.

In announcing a new volume of this periodical, we deem it essential to call the attention of the reading public to the claims it may have upon them for patronage.

The Woman's Rights movement having become one of so much importance as to enlist almost every variety of character, and shade of opinion, it has been deemed needful that a correct history of its progress might be preserved, its demands truthfully presented, and its philosophy thoroughly treated, that there should be one periodical through which those most deeply interested could have utterance.

Political papers, or those devoted to special reforms, are alike unsuited to present a question involving so much of truth as this, one which needs the fairest, the most candid and careful examination and consideration.

Our paper has been free in its character, admitting almost every variety of opinion, and upon all subjects, and thus it will continue to be.

Art, Science, Literature, Philosophy, both Spiritual and Natural; the science of association, or the re-organization of Society, and individual development, will each receive their due share of attention.

Our contributors, a few of whose names we give, will be warmly greeted by our readers:—Mrs. Dall, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. E. J. Eames, Mrs. F. D. Gage, Mrs. E. Cheny, now in Paris, Mrs. Peter and Lizzie Linn, whose story of "Marriage the only Alternative" opens with the first number of the paper.

The business department of the paper having passed into other hands, with every prospect of permanence, we feel a confidence in pressing its claims for support and attention.

Its price is \$1 per annum, payable in advance. All business letters should be addressed, post paid, to S. C. HEWITT, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.—communications designed for the paper, to its Editor, P. W. DAVIS.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN WOMEN'S HANDS.—England leads the way in this improvement.—The Queen's speech on the prorogation of Parliament, was transmitted to the provinces and the continent by female fingers only. The London "Athenæum" says:—"The girls were superintended by a matron telegrapher. Some of them it is said, transmitted the speech at the rate of 35 words a minute. They sent the whole to the continent (via the Hague) in twenty minutes. The Electric Telegraph Company deserves commendation for setting this example. Why should not women be employed in other analogous cases; for example, in letter sorting? The persons who perform that duty at the post-office seemed to have constituted a difficulty in the way of the improvements contemplated by the late commissioners. Their report does not contain any evidence that they considered the possibility of employing women in that capacity. Girls who could transmit thirty-five words a minute by electric telegraph, would soon out-strip the lads whom we now employ in sorting letters. The sorting of sixty letters a minute, we believe, the greatest feat of dexterity they can accomplish."

WHAT IS A MOUNTAIN?—It is to one man a mine where treasure may be hid; to another, pasturage for flocks, or a site for a house; to the artist it is chrome lake, yellow ochre, burnt sienna and indigo; to the geologist, it is a trap quartz, schist, limestone, sandstone, hornblend, calc, and the like; to the poet it is a temple and a throne, an oracle of pines, a ladder of angels, a landing place of Mercury. To most men it is a mountain, and nothing more.

Friendship has a noble effect upon all states and condition. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success, talks himself into a new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Lily.

AMERICA.

What a beautiful and glorious land is ours.—The name of America thrills with pleasure the breast, and vibrates back proudly to the heart of every free-born American. We enjoy in peace, comfort and security, the soil for which many brave men fell. There was once naught to be seen but the deep, darkly shaded forest—the towering oak reared its mighty head to the sun, spread its leaves in shelter for the light-footed deer, and there the timid birds found a safe retreat—the wild flower bloomed and faded, all unmolested—save here and there some rude wigwams in which lived their brave, stout-hearted and crude occupants, thoughtless of evil. But not mooting the question whether the destruction and desolating of homes of these honest savages of the Western wilds, shed honor or disgrace upon our nation—they are no longer seen, nor the war-whoop and song no longer heard by their defenceless victim. In their stead are flourishing towns and cities, stately mansions, and wide expanded cultivated fields and fruits, accomplished by an enlightened people, and all bespeaking hope and plenty.

Now is a conspicuous day of improvement.—The agriculturist turns up the deep soil with his new improved plow, and the traveling merchant can know in a few minutes how fares his business, or his family at home. Well might our fore-fathers leave their celestial abodes, and look down with admiration and pride upon the rapid progression of their posterity. Cities and towns, all bustle and haste, are thronged with business—the rattling of wheels, the landing of boats, and the lightning speed of cars, tell of the industry, enterprise and prosperity of our country. White floating sails are to be seen riding the mountain waves, and the grand, elegant steamboats float smoothly along the majestic rivers, bearing the golden products and goods of a fertile soil.

The flag of truce waves loftily and proudly in the harbor of almost every nation, and acknowledges no inferiors, neither in power, in mechanical science, intelligence, nor the rapid advancement of moral and religious education.

But alas! that in this beautiful land, so richly adorned with nature's choicest, countless blessings, that there should be found flowing through its blooming gardens, beneath the genial rays of an untiring sun, and the soft, blue canopy of heaven, a ceaseless stream that destroys more human happiness, and causes more burning tears, and engulfs in its mad and terrific bosom more human souls than the sweeping tide of the Mississippi, the foaming mountain billows of the stormy lakes, or the briny depths of the ocean. It is the stream of Intemperance.

How many once cheerful homes are made desolate—fond hearts crushed, cherished hopes blasted and characters ruined by this blasting curse. But onward it goes in its diabolical course—sweeping its thousands into an untimely grave, making its widows and orphans. When will effectually be heard the cries and soul-piercing supplications of degraded wives, and tattered, innocent babes, dragged down from happy homes and plenty, to the severest poverty by those who promised in cloudless days to love and protect. Who pities the cast off inebriate? None, save his sympathetic wife, who toils and weeps and prays for his redemption. And the rum-seller, this monster of crime, merely for the sake of paltry gain, will pour out the deadly poison, to the certain destruction of his victim and helpless family, will grasp eagerly the last penny that is to buy them bread; and the law gives him liberty. The druggist who sells arsenic, must first know for what purpose it is purchased: but the dram-dealer may go on in his traffic of human lives and souls, with little or no questions. And what is it that the drunkard will not do? He will steal money—gifts from his sick child to buy liquor—he will, and has murdered his faithful wife, innocent children and himself. Why does not our just and impartial rulers stop this at once? Is there nothing wrong about this matter? Are there none of our officers and law-makers who like to occasionally, when thirsty, get behind the curtain, and hear the precious fluid gur-

gling down their own throats? Yet there are many noble minded men who exert all their power to stop this worst of evils, but the indifferent majority seem to rule.

Were it alone the drunkards that suffered, the women might better afford to remain silent. But it is them and their hapless offspring that are the greatest sufferers. Then let women put forth all their strength, arouse all their latent powers and energies to the abolishing of this sin from the land.

But what can they do in their in their present limited sphere of action? They are compelled to live under and obey laws which they have no voice in framing. The basest and lowest white man in the country has his vote—all save the "darkies" and the women. Had women the same influence in public minds that men have, our laws would doubtless be less cramped, and more charitable.—This shameful trade of liquor would be banished, and joy, peace and plenty smile again at the doors of misery and want. Some say that feminine delicacy forbids that woman should appear at the ballot-box. If they are not too modest to be seen at shows, theaters and other public amusements, they certainly should not hesitate to go forth and exert their influence, give their aid in the cause of suffering humanity, their rights, their country and their God. Women should unanimously vindicate their just and equal rights, should have their price of labor raised, and that of multitudes of lounging officers lowered.

On the distant shores of Mexico is heard the mournful voice of soul-felt grief, the piteous cries of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters ascend up to high heaven, and there reach the ear of mercy of an offended Supreme. They weep for desolated homes, for beloved kindred which our American sons have laid waste and slain. How horrible that an intelligent, enlightened people like ourselves, should become incensed, and take unmitigated vengeance on an ignorant, unlearned and untoward people like the Mexicans. And, too, here comes another voice—it is borne on the Southern winds, and the gentle breeze that fans the brow of the aged, the grave and thoughtful, and the young, the gay, the thoughtless and the blooming cheek of innocence and beauty; in its deep, solemn tones is heard the sighs and moans of the oppressed, the cries for help from those who toil incessantly beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun. The mother, weeping for the babe that has been torn from her bosom—the wife for a husband that is gone forever from her. Does not this excite our sympathy and indignation, and arouse us to action for the redress of a people created free like us—with the same natural tender ties, feelings and affections, and love of pleasure and liberty? But the north quiets her conscience by saying she is not accountable for the sins of the South. But how much better is he who purchases stolen goods than the original thief? Do we not help to support slavery? We would not deny ourselves the luxury of slave products to save Africa and all her race from the galling chains of bondage.

Women should doubtless have a voice in government and exert their strength for the entire banishment of all these evils from our land. Their benevolent, conscientious and sympathetic hearts would never permit them to give their influence to any except those who were diametrically opposed to intemperance war and slavery. Oh, mighty continent of Love, Liberty and Christianity—you are but as so many unmeaning sounds.

MRS. ANNA H. BULLA.

For the Lily.

MRS. BIRDSALL. Will you permit me to offer my best wishes for the success of the seventh volume of the Lily, in our flourishing little city, devoted to the interests of woman. I am also pleased to learn that you have embraced other Reforms, among them the temperance cause has an able advocate for the overthrow of that most hideous evil.

With your permission, I will offer a few remarks on the right or expediency of woman's suffrage. I am aware that the progress of the age is not up to the advanced position that many minds in our own State, as well as others in other portions of our confederacy are, in placing woman as man's

equal—that she has a right to herself, and to acknowledge her individual sovereignty. Can men make any reasonable show of objections to their right of suppressing the liquor traffic in our State? In the language of Mrs. Swisshelm, "If woman be excluded from the polls in other cases, we think she ought not in this." I am aware that most objectors to woman's suffrage seem to regard elections merely with reference to officers and their salaries. With this view of the subject, they gravely ask why woman should be interested in the choice of a President, Governor, Senator, Representatives in Congress, or a member of the Legislature, or in amount of their pay. Were these the only objections involved, their plea might have some ground. But Legislatures are elected to make laws, Judiciaries and Executives to interpret, apply and enforce them; and these laws govern women as well as men. Is it not the true essence of freedom that human beings of an age which render them capable of self-government, have the right of making the laws by which they are to be governed, and of exercising this right personally. If this be admitted, I cannot conceive by what moral right women are excluded from elections.

Old fashion lawyers who have been educated in the doctrine of the English common law, that married women were civilly dead, that is, had no rights—were political and social nonentities. Forsooth, they might admit single women to the elective franchise—but would take for granted that the earth would be swallowed up by the extension of such privilege to femmes couverte. These objectors should admit that even married women have some interest in the laws that govern community, at least so far as such laws are designed to keep married men in order. Have not men an interest in the punishment of rape, adultery, slander, assault and battery and burglary? Are not women the exclusive victims of the first, and most frequently the victims of the three next, and always, either alone or in common with men, the victims of the last of these crimes. Why, then, should they not have a voice in legislation for the punishment of the criminals, and the redress of the sufferers? Have married women no interest in the right of dower? in the distribution of a deceased husband's property? in the custody of children upon divorce? I think they have, and therefore think they should have some voice in making the laws to govern these things. But I fancy I shall be told that they would vote under the control of their husbands, and therefore that the right in their hands would lead to no other practical result than giving to each married man a right to vote twice. Even were this true, as men, according to Dr. Franklin, in marrying give bond to society for their good behavior, they can be better trusted with two votes than single men. Hence, as husbands and wives do not always agree in every thing, we should doubtless have quite as many independent and intelligent votes from the latter as from the former; and hence it would confine conventions and nominating committees to the selection of candidates of good moral character, as the only ones who could obtain women's votes; and certainly all would concede this would be an improvement in the politics of the State of Indiana.

But again the objector may be alarmed by independent voting among married women as likely to raise the old objections about disturbing domestic tranquility. On the contrary, I believe if this right was granted, it would promote domestic tranquility; for it is certainly more frequently disturbed by men than by women. If the latter were armed with Legislative power, they would, in conjunction with all good husbands and all well disposed single young men, have a majority, and make stringent laws against the disturbers. JUNIUS.

RICHMOND, IND.

For the Lily.

NATURAL HISTORY OF HUMBUGS.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

They belong, according to the Linnæan system, to the class *insecta*, and are intermediate between the Ormoths, &c. They are *sui generis*, and of two species, *ephemera* and *longevous*, each of which have several varieties.

The specie ephemera has received its name on account of the brief duration of their existence, living, as it were, but an hour, or day, when compared with the specie longevous. In fact, none of them ever come to maturity, or go, successfully, through the transformation, becoming metamorphosed as the others do. They resemble grasshoppers and ants, inasmuch as these have no wings during the first period of their existence in that state, but the ephemera humbug never acquires any wings; or rather, the skin which confines its wings is so tough and unyielding that the insect expires in attempting to burst it and fly away. They are hatched from the imperfect eggs of the other specie, by means of the over-heated imagination of their discoverers, the same as chickens were unnaturally hatched in heated ovens, by the ancient Egyptians. The eggs being imperfect, they are but poor deformed creatures at best; and by making them jump about at times, they "almost persuade" their beholders that they are the real longevous humbugs. They insist that they will soon burst the skin which now confines their wings and fly away; and as they jump around like grasshoppers, appearing lively and promising, compared with the caterpillar, from which the true longevous humbugs are produced, many of the inhabitants of the valley of *Gullibility*, who were ignorant of entomology, have been known to engage in their propagation—but it has ever proved a profitless speculation.

This specie has been very numerous, many varieties being discovered every year; but owing to their never arriving to maturity, they cannot propagate the variety, and consequently but an individual of each variety has been known; or, it may be, that of some varieties several individuals have been fortuitously produced at different times.

The first stage of the grasshopper state being as far as they ever reach, after jumping around a short time, they end their fruitless existence. It is true, as a general thing, they possess some of the characteristics of the longevous specie, but they lack equalization, perfection and balance of parts, which is requisite to enable them to arrive at majority and propagate their kind; and were it not for the constant discovery of new varieties, it would soon become extinct.

This specie generally attracts much more attention at their appearance than the longevous ones; yet there is one characteristic by which they can readily be distinguished. The discoverers of the ephemeral ones invariably conceal some parts of the bug, pretending it would not be safe for people to gaze upon such resplendent beauties. As the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"

"O'er his features hung
The veil, the silver veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, 'till man could bear its light,"
so the discoverers of these humbugs hide
"The miraculous blaze"

of their proteges from the anxious gaze of curious eyes. The pretended brilliancy, however always proves to be the phosphorescent light emitted by bodies undergoing decomposition; and when they become fully inflated, they burst like a bubble, and vanish like a will-o'-the-wisp.

You may rest assured that when an entomologist makes a great noise about the wonderful qualities of the humbug which he has just discovered, but declines allowing you to know all of its characteristics and habits, that it is of the ephemeral species, and not worthy of your attention. Some of this specie which are the most perfectly developed, live to be quite old, and are mistaken for a while by man for real longevous humbugs. They have a sort of wings very much resembling those of the flying squirrel, which enable them to fly, when on an elevation, to a considerable distance—but they cannot rise; always when their vaunters attempt to demonstrate that they are of the true longevous specie, they manage to get them into a situation where they will only have to descend; their imperfect wings being able to carry them to a considerable distance before gravitation precipitates them to the ground. It is only in this that they differ from the longevous ones; thus rendering it necessary to pay particular attention, and be convinced that a humbug

can rise and soar over all obstacles, before we can determine to what specie it belongs.

Space will not allow us to even name but a few of the most prominent of this specie, as follows: The king can do no wrong; Might makes right; the many were created for the benefit of the few; the Ptolemaic and Aristotelean systems of Philosophy and Astronomy, &c., &c., &c. These, with a thousand others of their specie, which readily recur to the reader, have been exploded and proved to be of the ephemeral kind, although they existed for a considerable length of time.

The longevous humbugs belong to the same order as butterflies, and pass through similar transformations. When these are first hatched, they appear in a larva, grub or caterpillar state, and are very slow and clumsy in their motions. They are so awkward and ill-formed, and so destitute of speed, crawling flat upon the ground when they first make their appearance, that they become a laughing-stock among all but a class of people usually denominated "Fanatics." Ridicule and opprobrium are heaped upon them and their advocates without measure; but persecution cannot convince their defenders that these slow, unwieldy caterpillars are not the germ of the real longevous humbug. Well versed in entomology, they know the indubitable signs and characteristics of these insects, and consequently cannot be convinced that their sight misrepresents them, especially by those who know nothing of the subject which they take upon them the office of exploding.

But the longevous humbug cares not for the good opinions of the world; it can become transformed and perfected as well in the shade as in the sunshine. It asks not for the sunny climes of Italy; it is rugged and hardy, developing itself alike on the shores of Iceland or the lovely isles of the Pacific. The greater the obstacle to overcome, the more it becomes invigorated by the effort. It never fails; though baffled in one quarter, it tries another.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

The longevous humbugs are unfortunate in being in the same class with the ephemeral one; for it is chiefly owing to the deformity and brief existence of this specie, that odium is attached to the longevous ones. Like poor Tray they have to pay the price of being found in bad company. But it is a misfortune for which we hardly know how to provide or obviate. We can only recommend people to make themselves perfect masters of entomology, and then they will be in no danger of confounding the two species, for it is

"Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers."

The imperfect development of the ephemeral specie are readily detected by means of the *Original Microscope*. A practiced eye, with this instrument, can readily discover and define all the outlines of the different species, and readily distinguish between them. Many, however, stubbornly refuse to look through it, lest they should be convinced, but constantly carp about what detestable things these deformed creatures called humbugs are. They are like the man that refused to look through Galileo's telescope, lest with his own eyes he should discover Jupiter's moons, and could no longer deny their existence.

"Ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage blind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind"

They will not be convinced that there is more than one specie of humbugs, and

"Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still."

"Wise and learned, they grope their dull way on,
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at night."

There is one thing which helps to deceive, or rather, to keep this class of people deceived; it is this, the orthoepy of the name is scarcely changed at all, at the time of their transformation, when they enter on an entirely new phase of existence. They never take the trouble to learn the true nature and habits of the different species of humbugs; but, trusting to hearsay, they never discover the great difference in the orthography of the

name of their last transformation, it being then h-o-m-e instead of h-u-m, thus making it home-bug; it being then taken to the bosom of the people.

The following are some of the most prominent of the varieties of the longevous humbug which have been discovered: The equal rights of all mankind; denying the right of enslaving any on account of complexion, sex or condition; Christianity; the Copernican and Newtonian systems of Philosophy and Astronomy; all of the various sciences, common Schools; Railroads; Telegraphs, &c., &c., &c.

GIBSON, Jan. 2d, 1355.

For the Lily.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—You desired me to write you something on Temperance, a Tale, or any thing that suited me, you said, I think.

Well, come with me into our streets, to-day—this Christmas day—and you may read a tale, already written in characters of living reality.—There, on yonder street, is reeling a boy—a mere stripling—cigar in mouth—swaggering along, just able to keep from falling in the gutter; if he goes on thus, no doubt he will soon be there.—Now we are about to meet two young men—but stop! is it possible they are George L.—and Charles B.—? Why, they were once the pride of our town—now they are reeling, and cursing the Being who has enstamped his impress on their brows, and marked them for intellectual greatness. But the spoiler is there! and he has blighted the purity of the God-created image.

And here is another—and still another! Let us cross the street and let them pass, swearing and foaming along, half demoniacally and half idiotically. The by-standers are laughing at their ribaldry and their vulgar mirth; and they say, "this is Christmas—they are having a good time—let them enjoy themselves." What! celebrate the birth-day of the Savior of mankind with drunkenness and ribald songs? Methinks I can almost hear the chuckle of the imps of darkness, as they say, "aye, that is the way we would have it done. O! our faithful helper, King Alcohol, deserves a double crown for the accessions he makes to our ranks. With his aid we will bid defiance to the establishment of Christ's Kingdom on earth. List, fellow imp—hear that pistol's report. Ah! how unlucky! that had wellnigh secured us another inmate in our prison-house of darkness; that young man was drunk, and if that had been a sure shot, death would have given us the victim. Now he is alive, he may be saved from ruin, as our enemies would say." But we will not now dwell upon these dismal reflections. Sure enough, we hear the report of fire-arms, and it's a wonder they escape death in their drunken heedlessness.

And so we might pass from street to street, until the mid-night hour, and the same pictures would meet us on every hand. We may now ask, is there no help for this state of affairs? And we are answered, Yes—by the States of our Union where the accursed traffic has ceased. And we are answered by common sense too; destroy the cause and the effect shall cease, just as surely as the stream dries up when the fountain ceases to flow.

And often after I have taken such a walk as this, I ask myself, where are the mothers and sisters of these poor drunken revelers? Do they wield no saving wand over the wanderer's destiny? Has not that mother's holy love no hold upon thy downward course, young man? Oh! mothers, wives, sisters! ye whose low wail of agony has reached the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, cease not to hope!—the day of Jubilee approacheth! Thy son, thy husband and brothers shall be redeemed! But not by listless inactivity shall this victory be achieved. Go ye forth as laborers into the field already white to the harvest. With the Bible for your creed and God your guide, you may soon sing a requiem o'er the remains of your hated foe. Ha! says one of your readers, this writer is getting quite enthusiastic on the subject. I wonder if we haven't had women, and the Bible, and God, for our helpers all along down through time, and still we have whiskey and drunkards, and drunkard makers? Granted—but have they done nothing? and by renewed effort may they not do

still more towards accomplishing their great object?

Should you desire it, I may give, in another number, a short history of what one woman has done, and thereby show what a number combined might accomplish in the cause of Temperance.

BEENICE.

The following address was delivered January 6th, A. D., 1855, in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, (by a young lady of sixteen summers,) before the Star of Hope Lodge, No. 2, Independent Order of Good Templars:

The object we have in view in coming here is a noble one—to secure peace, happiness and prosperity to those around us, and to combine our efforts together, that they may be more effectual in the promotion of the temperance cause. We are to exert whatever influence we may possess to discourage the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to banish the manufacture and traffic, and to work earnestly in driving out from our beautiful land, that monster, Intemperance—that strides forth, uprooting all principles of love and purity that ever cluster round the Christians heart, and planting unholy and demoniac passions in their place; diffusing its subtle poison through all the channels of social life, destroying every thing in its course, and blasting and withering every thing that is good in society.

Intemperance is confined to no age, sex, or condition; but fastens its icy chains upon those that are gifted with brilliant intellects, and have begun the path that leads to honor, and have engraved their names high on the scroll of fame for their generous hearts and noble deeds, as it does the low, degraded, untaught menial. It brings those that are just verging into manhood, and have intelligence stamped upon their brows, and have good qualities and bright hopes and high aspirations, who are the pride and the staff of the declining years of their aged parents—it brings them down to a level with the beast, and their grey-haired father and mother, with sorrow, down to the grave. And woman, too, may learn to love the "sparkling bowl," as well as man—and why should she not? When we daily see so much evil arising from this infamous traffic, our honest indignation should be fired against it; and we should, with renewed ardour and never tiring zeal, devote the time, and what talent God has given us, to this noble, this heavenborn cause of temperance. We should work, that the temperance banner may ever float proudly over our beloved land.

We could not engage in a more noble cause than temperance, (and Woman's Rights, which causes sister Bloomer truly says, are inseparable.) But who, I ask you, suffers more, save the inebriate, than his heart-broken wife. It breaks her heart to see him who vowed at Hymen's altar, to love, cherish and protect, bringing himself down from that high position that God intended he should occupy as one of his own creatures—one made after his own image, making himself unworthy the love of her he vowed to protect—all through the influence of strong drink. But woman, the wife and mother, is to submit to all these evils. She is the victim of the maniac's rage; she, whom the people will not allow to be educated; she, whom custom has made physically weak, and is taught to be morally submissive; she must counteract all this fearful array of evils. And when her husband, her master, comes from seeking these dens of vice, the rum shops, and enter that beautiful sanctuary that poets write of and orators grow eloquent over, the home, and pours out his wickedness like one of the infernal deities, she must, by her gentle actions and words of endearment, bring the wander back to virtue. Such is the present plan of morality in our boasted land. God never intended woman only administer to the unnatural wants of man, to bind up the bruises of drunkenness, and to watch by the sick bed of depravity, but a help-mate at all times—in great duties as well as little, in the great household of government, as well as the home circle.—It is woman's duty to go out and preach temperance, or any thing else that will do good, as much as man. It is woman that suffers so much from the evils of intemperance, and should stretch forth

her hand to put them away. So, dear brothers and sisters, gird your armours on, and join hands in this good work. Our Father created you equal; He endowed you both with talents, and he means you to use them in defense of right. Go plead for the poor drunkard; entreat of him to throw off the chains that bind him, and are dragging him down to a drunkards hell, and point to him the way of life; and doing this, you will glorify the name of our Father in Heaven.

When we hear the heart-piercing cry of the drunkards wife go to God to save her husband, and to see the tear roll down the cheek of his poor child for bread, do we need stronger language to tell us that it is our duty, my sisters, to work. And when intemperance is banished, and temperance throws her mellow light over our dear land, no more will we hear the sad cry of the drunkards wife, but a song of thanksgiving will ever arise like morning, incense to "Him that doeth all things well." Never weary in well doing, but ask the guidance and protection of your Heavenly Father, and He will bless you.

And, Good Templars, when we have done the work that God intended we should do, then we will lay aside our armour and go to join a holier, happier, and more perfect band in the realms of eternal bliss, where we shall ever dwell in the smiles of God.

MARTHA MARLIN.

For the Lily.

KEEP DOING.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

Keep doing—toils of life come one by one,
Successively;

Let every moment see its task as done,
And life will pass by cheerily.

Keep doing—grow not weary in the cause
Of Truth and Right;

A moiety gained each moment surely draws
Away the curtain from the height.

Keep doing—sunbeams in the eastern sky.
At dawning day,

Arise and glide so gently that the eye
Can see no motion in the ray.

Keep doing—beauteous garbs that deck the earth
In Spring's glad prime,

All spring unconsciously from Winter's dearth,
And weave their robes of flow'rs and thyme.

Keep doing—perfumes rare and most profuse,
From flow'r and tree,

Are countless odor'd mites which they diffuse,
Too minute for the eye to see.

Keep doing—but little tho' we do,
As hours glide by,

The sum will swell to mountains capp'd with snow,
With bases laid both deep and wide.

Keep doing—oceans are from drops made up,
From here and there;

The crystal dew-drops in the flow'ret's cup
Must move along and form its share.

Keep doing—gentle ripples of the wave,
By night and day,

With silent, sure, and slow incessant lave,
Will wear the flinty rock away.

GIBSON, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1754.

A STRONG HINT.—An Episcopal church has recently been built in Davenport, Iowa. A correspondent of the New York *Independent* says that the following notice was appended to the advertisement of the opening of the edifice:

"The chewers of Tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the church, or else spit in their hats."

THE USE OF MONEY.—A vain man's motto:—Win gold and wear it. A generous man's—Win gold and share it. A miser's—Win gold and spare it. A profligate's—Win gold and spend it. A broker's—Win gold and lend it. A fool's—Win gold and end it. A gambler's—Win gold and lose it. A sailor's—Win gold and cruise it. A wise man's—Win gold and use it.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Since our last issue, letters containing subscription money for The Lily, have been received from the following persons:

H J Holmes; Wm. C Wood; J Collier Cobb; Isaac Michener; H M Bushnell; Mary E Wetherald; Mary B Pitt; J M Gardener; H W Stodard; Ann Houghton; Mary McConkley; M J Dunn; Eunice Crow; S T Cromley; C E Brown; Mrs James Pierce; Marietta A Chatfield; Mrs Jane Gilmore; Alvin Smith; Mrs Malinda Frost; C F Dickinson; H Hiatt; Mrs Jane Cross; H Allen; Maria Folsom; Jane A Simpson; Charles H Topping; S Ingalls; C L Downs; H A Frew; Mary R Murphy; A Bloomer, 2; Jane Frohock; Celynda Grundy; Dinah Mendenhall; Louisa S Lord; Ann Bell; H S Tibbitts; A M White; Sarah S Lane; E L D Austin; R D Strattan; Lucy Ann Dodge; S F Reed; Emeline M Jones; M Thornton; Margaret Bronson; E S Whitaker; P J Jones; Eliza Bisbee; D H Roberts; E A Hardiman; A T Noble; H E Bingham; P M Ridgefield; J B Merrin; Isabel McCauley; C H Sands; H M Barrett; Cornelia Wilbur; Mary A Fuller; A A Greenwood; M A Wickersham; J B Milhouse; Thomas James; Catherine Darrow; Mary P Leavens; Helen N Oldham; E S Taylor; Elizabeth Poulter; A N Stroughton; Carrie D Filkins; Cynthia Walton; D P Holmes; S B Booth; Mrs Frank Emerson; E H Johnson; Jane E. Madden; Lucretia M Pennington; B R Voorhees, Carrie E Peck.

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.—Nothing can be more safe, congenial, or healing to the membranes of the Throat and Lungs, yet at the same time more energetic and thorough in its effects than *Dr. Rogers' Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Canchalagua*, that "great remedy" for the early stages of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, and all other diseases which have their seat in the Lungs, Throat or Air Passages. It seems to fall like balm upon their irritated surfaces. The dry, hacking cough becomes loose, the corrupted matter which accumulates in and oppresses the Lungs is easily expectorated, while the tonic properties of the medicine keep up the strength under the mucopurulent discharge. *Liverwort, Tar and Canchalagua* possess in their separate substances all the elements requisite for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Diseases of the Lungs, and combined as they are, in a skilful and scientific manner by a regularly educated Physician, the preparation of which we are speaking becomes almost irresistible.

D. C. BLOOMER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.
WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Bellevue, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
S. T. Carey, " "
James Peck & Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio.
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.
Hosmer Curtis, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
Hon. W. A. Sackett, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Downs & Co., " "
Hon. J. K. Richardson, Waterloo, " "
N. J. Milliken, Canandaigua, New York.
Hon. W. H. Seward, Auburn, " "
F. Chamberlain, Albany, " "
Alfred Conkling & Co., New York City.
OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the Pacific House, and near the Land Office.
Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.
Dec. 15, 1854.